Will we-can we-survive all this dishonesty?

I have a new final chapter to add to the original COUP, where I have reason to hope for commercial publication of a severe contraction, and a little to add to the appendix, which will in other areas also be cut. If and when it is finalized and a pub date set, I'll let you know. I expect to hear in or by 20 days.

Now for the request. I'd appreciate it if you could get together, make some kind of estimate of the balance due me, aside from books (where I'd like the agreed refund of the shipping costs and only what you got from any copies sold) and send it as soon as possible. We continue without income and with continuing expenses, which mean only increased debt. While the situation in which your committee and its members may find yourselves may be less fortuitous than you might prefer, you all of you have some incomes and this is an obligation you did incur. Not only can I not afford it, but I'm even having to pay interest, as I have for almost two years. With the books it is different, for that did not require the outlay of cash for you.

Right after the Garrison trial, George told me by phone he had sent me $100. It never got here and he never replied to my inquiries about if, for I wondered if it had gotten lost, as sometimes happens with my mail.

If you plan another issue, I hope your noses tell you what the Sprague thing is -and Chapman's, I've told you of Skolnick's. The more we publicize this awful nonsense, so much of which comes from well-intentioned and sincere but under-informed and overly-suspicious dedicated people, the worse off we all are. Unfortunately, the commercial and the underground press have an unerring instinct for the irresponsible, that which an intelligent mind cannot accept. It is their way of undermining us more.

Hope you are all, especially George, well and happy. I've heard nothing of him save that he seems to require and to be avoiding surgery.

If you have a copy of the alleged Ferrie letter from Confidential, I'd like to see that. I had a phone call from Joel Palmer, who indicated he was then completing a book (more shudders!), but nothing since. I presume he is its author. After what he did with Boxley and what they almost did to Garrison, I suppose I should regard that call as some kind of trap. Although he was just settling down there, expensively at that, he blew N.O. the weekend Boxley would not face me, the weekend I did confront him....It is all so strange, for I cannot believe either is some kind of agent...

Please, do, try and raise and send me whatever it is you think you owe. My need is more urgent than usual, and that is too urgent.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg